RUMBLINGS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Senator George W. Plunkitt says he will once more represent the Eleventh District. Maurice B. Flynn keeps aloof from politics and politicians. He says he has had enough.

The friends of Assemblyman Eugene S. Ives are confident that he will succeed Plun-kitt in the Senate.

Richard J. Sullivan, Tammany Hall leader in the Fifteenth District, is to succeed the late James J. Corcoran in the Board of Al-

The Republican State Committee is conducting a quiet canvass. It is said that Thomas C. Platt and his lieutenants are on a

Henry Kropf, who has taken the late Michael Cregan's place as the Republican magnate in the Sixteenth District, would like to be Civil Justice.

The headquarters of the Democratic State Committee at the Hoffman House are thronged every evening by prominent mem-bers of the party.

The uptown brewers are going to take an active part in the election of Assemblymen and Senators. They want men elected who will fight cold water.

All the members of the present Board of Aldermen are candidates for re-election. There is something in the air of the City Hall which appears to agree with the health of our local etates were.

The members of the Democratic State Committee are in favor of the nomination of Mr. Martine for Judge and Mr. Nicoll for District Attorney. They think their nomination would help the State ticket.

When President Cleveland returns to Wash-ington he will probably send the State Campaign Committee a check and also a letter indorsing the nominees and platform

Civil Justice Michael Norton is confined to

his house by a swollen leg. He will be re-nominated by Tammany Hall. Frank Fitz-gerald, son of the late ex-Alderman James Fitzgerald, will probably be his competitor on election day.

She Didn't Care for Cold Weather.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Old Lady (to dealer, -Is them thermometers re-

Dealer-Yes, Madam, they are manufactured

A Charmed Life.

[From Harper's Basar.] Across the drugget the baby creeps— The baby that knows no cares— And the awful direction that he keeps Leads right to the hard steep stairs.

Sometimes he climbs on the window-sill, Where a fall his neck would break; From any bottle he drinks his fill— Not the same from a spoon he'd take.

He sticks his hands in the buildog's eyes And into the horse's nose; The table-knife on his hand he tries, And kicks his face with his toes.

Oh, thus does the baby run his race, And I'm sure his soul would chafe If he ever happened to get in a place Where his life would be really safe.

of the Saratoga Convention.

xpressly for our own trade.

still hunt.

local statesmen.

#### SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT. THE QUEER NAMES THAT SOME OF THE

ATHLETES HAVE.

Johnny Reagan Talks of His Fight with Dempsey—The Osborne \$300 Gold Chal-lenge Medal—A Gigantic Meeting to be Held at Madison Square Garden-Hammer-Throwing Records May be Broken.



F the queer names reporters of athletic meetings have to wrestle with are those of runner Eschwege, Pop" Schoeneck, of the Nassaus, Gianinui. of the Dauntless Rowing Club, Demonet, the Hjertsberg Brothers, one a runner the other a walker, of the Olympics, and chronickicker Freeth, the Nas. sau Athletic Club's three and five mile runner. Queer nick-

names are common, too. Old-time champion of amateur walkers Frank Murray is called "Cinders," and Brooklyn Baseball Club Captain Byrne's christening of "Budweister" has got stuck fast to Eschwege;

The first single-scull race for the elegant \$300 gold challenge medal left by the late Charles Osborne to encourage the New York Athletic Club oarsmen will be rowed on the Harlem on Oct. 22. This race, which is a handicap, will be rowed every year, and the winner this year will hold the medal until he is defeated.

If the members of the New York Athletic Club's eight-oared crew went around town less and drank champagne more sparingly, they would not now be talking of securing another aquatic trainer. No trainer in the world could have made them beat the Dauntless eight in the Harlem regatta race last Saturday. It's very strange. Davy Roach used to train the old Dauntless team so that they won six out of one series of seven races they started in. so that they wated in.

A meeting of the New York Athletic Club's Games Committee to take measures for a gigantic in-door athletic meeting to be held in Madison Square Garden early next month will be held some night this week. The meeting is to be held thus early so as to give the crack amateurs a last chance before going out of training for the season. It will include an All-United States Lawn Tennis Tourney, to be held in the afternoon. The Evening World's suggestion of a new athletic feat, a test of the hitting powers of athletes by means of the punching-bag, will be sonsidered. The New Yorks are to give a series of fortnightly Saturday night enterlainments this winter. inments this winter.

A team of twelve or fourteen of the New York Athletic Club's best men will compete at the Highland Athletic Association's games on its Manayunk grounds, near Philadelphia, on Oct. 29. All but the 100-yard dash and the one-mile walk of the twelve events on the programme will be separate contests, and the handicapping in the 100 will be limited to

The light, that is the twelve-pound, hammer throwing and shot-pulling records are almost certain to be broken at the New York Athletic Club's Bell Medal and Celrich's Bronze games at Mott Haven on Saturday afternoon. The admission will be free. Admission to the Manhattan Athletic Club's final club events on the same afternoon is by invitation.

The Athletic Association of the Twenty-Second Regiment will hold its open amateur games on Nov. 19. There will be the following handicap events, besides the regimental tugs-of-war for 600-pound teams: regimental half-mie run, and the scratch obstacle race, the 50, 600 washe and one wile runs; two the 50, 600 yards and one-mile, runs; two mile walk; running high jump; one and a-ha[f-mile steeplechase. Entries close Nov. 12.

Jack Dempsey says he strips at 150 pounds ack Dempsey says he strips at 150 pounds at present. The most he ever scaled was 181 pounds in street clothes. That was four weeks after he fought the marine. He will go away to train for Reagan, McCoy and McGee in a fortnight.

Cocking mains will commence soon and flying feathers are to be plenty this year. A club of New York bloods who got very badly used in some chicken disputes last season have arranged with the Williamsburg blacksmith, well known for his square dealings, for a main of chickens, to take place as soon as the youngsters are fit. The cocker spoken of returned from Albany yesterday where he has all but settled the terms for a main of cocks with Jimmy Dugrey, the noted Hudson River Valley fancier. A main with the noted Kearney brown-red strain will be made tomorrow.

The Nassau Club, which has gathered in the crack athletes of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, is prosperous financially, has a fine quarter-mile track and will move into the upper floors of a big building in Washington street, Brooklyn, near the Post-Office, in January. The "Indians" will give a fine programme of athletic events on Thanksgiving Day afternoon.

Johnny Reagan, who is matched to fight ack Dempsey in December for \$2,000, under

London prize ring rules, had an interesting conversation with The Evenine World representative in the Hoffman House bar the other evening. Reagan is a well-appearing, neatly-dressed young man, of the best of habits, and with manners which make him many friends. He is to go in training in two weeks and keeps in good shape by plenty of walking. "Now and then too," he said, "some of the boys down in the shops near my house, the 'Hook" will want to get off for an hour or two. I'll pull off my clothes and practice my old trade of boiler-making, so they can have a little fun. Did you ever hear that Jack McAuliffe once, when I was lighter than I am now, and challenged him, wrote and advised me to go back to boiler-making? I wanted to see if he could make me do it." Reagan is very sanguine of the result of his match with Dempsey. "I weigh," he said, "168 pounds as I stand now, without the overcoat, and I'm not fat. I'll get in prime condition and down to about 155 pounds before the 9th of December. It won't be the Reagan you saw fight Tom Henry. I was sick that time. They (the people behind Dempsey) think I don't know much about wrestling and that they have the best of the match. I conldn't have the conditions of the coming fight suit me better."

#### JUST HER STYLE.

#### A Society Leader from Hoboken Looking for a Theatrical Engagement.

Charles Frohman was about to leave his office and had relieved himself of his work-aday coat when there was a timid knock at his door and a sprightly little damsel entered. She was not particularly pretty, nor very strikingly clad. She advanced into the middle of the room and gazed earnestly at Mr. Frohman.

" Can I speak with you?" she lisped curningly.

"Certainly, madam," replied the polite little gentleman; though the fact that she could do so was self-evident. She drew a chair to the desk, leaned impressively for-ward and looked Mr. Frohman straight in

the eyes.
"Now, I don't want you to say a word about "Now, I don't want you to say a word about my visit here," she said, "because none of my folks know anything about it. I am verv, very anxious," she continued, "to go upon the stage. I've been a great success in private theatricals. Oh, Mr. Frohman, couldn't you place me in one of the 'Held by the Enemy' companies. I could do Susan so nicely. It's just my style. Oh, do not say no." emy companies. I could not say no."
It's just my style. Oh, do not say no."
Mr, Frohman bit his lip and went on listen-

ing.
"I stand very high in social circles," she resumed, "and," with a little smirk, "I am very popular, though I say it."
"In New York?" asked Mr. Frohman, feel-

"In New York?" asked Mr. Fronman, recing he must say something.
"Oh, no!" scornfully. "In Hoboken. Mr. Frohman, if you engage me, you'll have the theatre packed every time you play in Hoboken. I can promise you that, I have so many friends. Please engage me."

"Madam," said Mr. Frohman, impressively, "at the present time society ladies are rather too"—

Look at Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter," she interrupted eagerly.
"Yes," he said meditatively. "Madam,"
quickly, "leave me your name, and if any

'Oh, thanks!" she exclaimed enthusiastically, jumping at this feeblest of all concessions. "Dear Mr. Frohman, don't forget to write me. I won't accept another engagement, and I shall tell my friends—may I—that there's a surprise in store for them. Good-by."

#### SOME WELL-KNOWN HOTEL CLERKS.

Charles P. Clemes is the Napoleonic-looking clerk at the Brunswick. Milo K. Lyke, a polished Gotham veteran, is the popular clerk of the Albemarle.

Joseph Kuhns is looked up to as guide and friend by the guests of the Grand Central. Jesse Hipple, late of the Palmer House, Chicago, is now chief clerk at the Murray

Harry Riddell beams on the guests at the Windsor. He has neat apartments in the hotel.

John W. Shea smiles at guests over the Gilsey House register. He lives at the hotel

William H. Carr, who has a phenomenal memory for names and faces, is the oracle at the Fifth Avenue.

George H. Schenck is a fountain of informa-tion at the Westminster. His home is at 148 East Eighteenth street. Otis Keith represents the Keith family at the Metropolitan. He has a brother at the Gilsey and another at the Hoffman.

August Schneehage has piled up a goodly heap of shekels during many years of service at the Victoria. He lives at 251 East Thirtyecond street.

P. T. Wall, considered among the boys the Apollo of hotel clerks, lives and holds sway at the Hoffman House. He is the organizer and inspirer of the Hotel Clerks' Protective Association of the United States.

#### A Poser.

[From Barper's Basar.] Enfant 'Terrible—And did they go into the ark Mamma-Yes, dearest,

Enfant Terrible-Well, who went with aunties

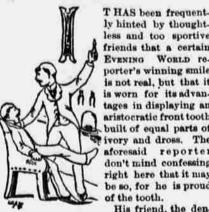
The Poet's Wealth.

[From the Oil City Blissard.] Though the poet has much botheration, Though his loves make aim sorrow and moan, He has always one sweet consolation-He can metre in moonlight alone.

### BAD QUARTERS OF AN HOUR.

#### HOW A DENTIST MADE THINGS INTEREST-ING FOR AN INTERVIEWER.

Sufferings of a Patient While Having a Tooth Filled-The Power Drill and the Spring Mallet Worse Than the Tortures of the Inquisition-Sounds From the Dentist's Chair while Work is in Progress.



T HAS been frequently hinted by thoughtless and too sportive friends that a certain EVENING WORLD reporter's winning smile is not real, but that it is worn for its advantages in display tooth aristocratic front tooth built of equal parts of ivory and dross. The tages in displaying an aforesaid reporter don't mind confessing right here that it may be so, for he is proud of the tooth.

hearty fellow, and he tist, is a jolly, assured the scribe that there was no pain and almost no bother at all in having tooth cavities filled; and so the re porter submitted himself for an afternoon to the soul-inspiring operation. Of course he was obliged to wait an hour and a half while several other people enjoyed themselves in the great, luxurious, cardinal-red easy-chair in the doctor's private office; and of course this hour and a half, every minute of it, added fresh confidence to his stock on hand. "Oh, doctor! I know I shall faint!" came in feeble accents from the little room, and the scribe felt that a sweet little woman, who had just told her female companion in the outer office that she had as soon have a tooth out as to eat, was in trouble. There came the inaudible tones of the doctor in encouragement. Then "Ugh—oo—agh—oh! Oh, I know I shall faint! Wait! No, not yet!" came from the first voice, followed by expostulatory tones from the doctor. The young woman had been in the private office twenty minutes, and there was a rustling, and she emerged, the dentist following and bowing her out with: "Well, some other day, then, when your nerves are stronger, and them we'll have it out."

Then a fond mamma, accompanied by a boy who wore his head in a red fiannel sling, was interviewed, and "Tommy" was seated in the big chair. This time the door stood open, and the reporter saw the doctor prepare with a mirror about as big as his thumbnail to take a view of the interior of the youngster's head. But the patient clapped both hands on his mouth, leaving only a space between his fingers wide enough to allow the most unearthly yells to come out.

"Ow, wow! yah-hoo-er! yah" said the boy. But after ten minutes of coaxing, wheedling, threatening, bribing and reasoning from his mother, the boy opened his mouth long enough to let the dentist "take a look inside." Then the wily practitioner deftly inserted, not the little mirror, but a pair of steel candle snuffers, and with one or two quick, half-circular twists of his hand and a sudden jerk, he yanked a molar out of the mouth of the young hopeful, which added much to the acoustic properties of the opening. A view of the extracted member, however, soon forced curiosity into the place of sorrow, and the youngster went away proud the great, luxurious, cardinal-red easy-chair in the doctor's private office; and of course

the mouth of the young hopeful, which added much to the acoustic properties of the opening. A view of the extracted member, however, soon forced curiosity into the place of sorrow, and the youngster went away proud and happy, with the tooth wrapped up in a bit of cotton, while his mother satisfied herself through the doctor that if the tooth should accidently or otherwise be lost and a swine should find it, it would not necessarily follow that a swine's tooth would grow in the head of the boy.

But the reporter's turn came finally, just as he had about concluded that he could wait till some other day just as well, and had made up his mind to say that a pressing engagement called him away. His friend, the dentist, wouldn't hear of this for an instant. The scribe was not a coward, surely! Of course he wasn't, and he laid him down in the easy chair and resigned himself to his fate.

The dentist, as has been stated, is jolly and very entertaining, and he beguiled his patient with capital stories while he took a survey of the opening in his face with the little mirror, sounded for bed-rock with a small drill, knocked or pried off the inside walls of some of the teeth, first punching a hole with ivory to obtain a grip and finally pried the contiguous teeth away from the one he proposed to work on so that he could force a sheet rubber down on it, in which operation he drove several of the old, sulphurous variety down the throat whence they came. From this point in the interview the dentist did all the talking.

After knocking off a few odd corners of teeth which he had not noticed before, and cheering the patient up with the remark that "We are fairly started, now," that dentist proceeded to inflict the most awful tortures ever suffered by a free man in a free country. First there was "just the sweetest and most scientifically constructed little foot power drill ever made," and he showed how he could manipulate the swiftly revolving little thing on the end of a limber wire shafting, and then he put it into practical o

It was cute, and it sent most accute thrills of misery through the nervous system of the patient. He tried to say so, but his inarticulate thought was met with a cheerful, but very positive denial by the operator, who seemed to divine it immediately, and the revolving wire went faster and the needle-pointed drill went deeper, until it had passed through the

### OUR STREET LAMP-LIGHTERS.

#### THEIR WORK DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF THEIR PREDECESSORS.

The Electric Lights and Modern Improve ments Have Robbed the Lamp-Lighter of His Picturesque Features-He is Now no Longer a Public Character, but Merely



N the march of im provements which land the nineteenth century in greater luxury and comfort and help to economize time the more simple and laborious fashions of past dast days are forgotten. Functions

that were then sympathetic features of the life of the community are now regarded with contempt. One of these features that has sunk out of sight considerably is the humble lamp-lighter. In the cld days people who lived on the corners would know his usual hour for getting along with his ladder, scrambling up the post and lighting the lamp. Children would flatten their small noses against the windov panes and enjoy the process of illumination. On a winter night, when the light flashed out and showed the old fellow in his red comforter and his pea-jacket of a coat, the collar turned up about his rosy ears, and the thick flakes fell softly about him in the warm light, he assumed the proportions of a benevolent being and the lamp-light invested him like a halo. that were then sympa-life of the community ith contempt. One of

halo.

The old fellow was once made the subject of a novel, "The Lamp-Lighter." But now, presto! some subtle power fires the electric lights, and the brilliant points stretch like a string of diamonds through the air. More poetry, more expedition in the new way, but the sympathies are not touched. resolved to go oma. live on pugilists' diet for a month, train down to fighting trim and then come back once a week and thrash the dentist within an inch of his life. But on sober consideration, instead, he smiles broadly and shows his emblem of suffering and

lights, and the brilliant points stretch like a string of diamonds through the air. More poetry, more expedition in the new way, but the sympathies are not touched.

Though there is hardly any large section of New York that has not some electric lights, there are still 24,800 lamp-posts to be attended to. Although some of the lamp-posts have been removed, there are 27,000 left. All those at the corners, with the names of streets painted on them, have been preserved as guide-posts, whether lighted or not. There are now 700 electric lights in town, furnished by the Brush and the United States Company. They will be increased, although the mastlight in Madison and Union squares are to be taken down and several smaller poles substituted in their stead. The contracts for gaslighting have been given by the city to six companies, three for the districts this side of the Harlem, and three for those above it, nearly as far as Yonkers. The lighting of the markets is not included in the contracts. When all the electric lights under the new contracts, which have been awarded and will soon be carried out, are lit, the gas-lights will be reduced some 4,500.

The lamp-lighters are not engaged by the Department of Public Works, but by the several gas companies. The secretary of the Consolidated Gas Company was in his handsome office when an Evenna Workd Preporter called to gather some facts about that humble functionary, the lamp-lighter.

"A lamp-lighter's task is to light 150 lamps," said he. "Of course some sections are more thickly set with lamps and others less. So it is not a wooden law. Almost his whole stock in trade is his torch. It is long enough to enable him to light the gas from the sidewalk and is screened so that it cannot blow out. He pushes up the lever of the cock and lights the gas in a moment. He hardly has to stop. The glass globes of the lampposts are arranged so that the torch can be thrust through a permanent opening below, and there is no time lost in fiddling with the door as there was in the old-fashi James Oliver, Prince of Paradise Park, has not made up his mind whether to run for Judge, Senator or Assembly.

like an ordinary lamp.

"Part of the lamp-lighter's duty is to keep the lamps on his circuit clean. He has to clean them three times a week. If they are clean them three times a week. If they are injured in any way he reports at once to the office. The lamplighter is also something of a glazier. If a glass is broken he has to replace it. He has no cutting to do; it is given to him and he puts it up. So his time is pretty well taken up and he cannot well work at any other steady occupation. Each lamp burns 4,000 hours per annum."

"Of course the work does not demand a very high order of intellect or a powerfur physique, so men who could not do othee things as well can find work at this. If he knows enough to come in when it rains he

knows enough to come in when it rains he can become a lamp-lighter. It is not a good position for a consumptive, because the lighter has to go out in all sorts of weather."

At the rate of lights for each lamp-lighter, about one hundred and sixty-five would be required.

#### POLICEMEN'S FRIENDS.

Old Lady—I guess yer kin gimme one of 'em. Dealer—Yes. Madam, which will you have? They are all the same price. Old Lady—I see some of 'em are 70 degrees an' some 80 degrees. Gimme an 80 degree one. I don't care much fer weather when it's too cold. Congressman Tim Campbell is a frequent visitor at Police Headquarters. He gives an exhibition of his rare linguistic powers to a crowd of admirers.

Senator Mike Murphy is a frequent visitor at Police Headquarters, and the inevitable result is the appointment or promotion of a friend on the police force.

Senator Cullen is not slow in caring for personal and political friends on the police force, and he is on especially good terms with all the Commissioners.

Supt. Murray and Inspector Byrnes are Tammany Democrats, Inspector Conlin is a County Democrat and Inspectors Steers and Williams are Stalwart Republicans.

Johnny O'Brien is not as chipper as of old. He does not relish being knocked out by the sluggers of the Civil-Service Commission. His strong hold now is the law and his weapon an injunction.

#### CAT-STALKING IN PARK ROW.

in Evening Sport Indulged In by the Wait



HE waiters of French's Hotel, after ministering to the hungry de-mands of voracious mands of voracious guests, turn to diversion. The vesper hour finds them in the cellar—at least, the sporting element among them. They go there to hunt the cat. It is

a new invasion of that domestic animal. Per secution in the past has taught the gentle quadruped to keep her eye hard to port as she scurries over the roof that she may mark

she scurries over the roof that she may mark the descending boot-jack or hurling cuspadore. Her velvet-footed passage over a moon-lit fence, which began like a funeral procession, often ends like a return from the grave. The cats know their perils. They are as familiar as twice-told tales. But pussy has not yet fully tumbled to the new danger that awaits her.

The French preserves are well stocked. Wild young cats that used to sally forth into the alley and terrorize their female acquaint-ances now curl up under a coat and wonder why their grandsons stay out so late.

There are dozens in the cellar, bound by the closest ties of consanguinity. Then cats that belong to another parish drop in of an evening for a social purr.

They lurk in the boxes and make their lairs in old barrels. Then the stewards of the floor above doff their snowy aprons and go to the battue. At first the waiters chased him with clubs and lassoes. The method of their capture, however, is an invention of one of the waiters. A square box is stood so that one end makes an acute angle of 40 degrees with the ground. The other is supported by a light stick. A string is fastened to the stick with the waiter at the other end of it. Under the box is placed a piece of beef, pique a la mode. Its savory smell reaches the nostrils of the circumjacent cats.

This is the beginning of a tragedy in a cat's

piece of beef, pique a la mode. Its savory smell reaches the nostrils of the circumjacent cats.

This is the beginning of a tragedy in a cat's life. If it only had the courage to say," rats!" and remain sequestered. But it hasn't. It starts forth, giving its hind-legs a regretful stretch. Cautiously, but with an air of concentration, it works along to the meat. The overhanging bar awakens a slight suspicion. But the cat finally concludes that it is a porto cochere and goes under.

The sickly glimmer of a candle illumines the cellar, and an eye has followed the felline progress. The eye belongs to the waiter. He has another eye, but that is on the string. The cat has reached the meat, sniffs it fastidiously and settles down for a square meal. Bang! goes the box. The string has been pulled and the game is smared. The genius of the waiter has cut a small square piece from the box. The wildly fluttered cat scurries about and pokes her head through this hole. Then the huntsman takes her by the nape of the neck and pulls her forth.

This is the moment of deadliest peril. Not as thrilling as when the cat's tail disappears beneath the box, it is more dangerous. Your adult cat resents being treated like a kitten. The entrapped feline is passed over to one of the boys, who knocks it in the head or turns it loose in the square.

it loose in the square.

It is not as exciting as a tiger hunt, but cat-stalking may perhaps be elevated to the dig-nity of a sport, if Henry Bergh does not in-

#### LABOR MEN'S CANDIDATES.

Edward Finkelstone, President of the Bar-bers' Union, is a candidate for Comptroller on the Progressive party side.

on the Progressive party side.

Edward Goldsmith, the co-operative hatter, is prominently mentioned as a candidate for Alderman by the Progressive party in the Tenth District.

The United Labor party organization of of the Twentieth Assembly District will have a banner-raising this evening at its headquarters, on the corner of Third avenue and Earty, night street.

Forty-ninth street.

Forty-ninth street.

William Hawley, satchel-maker, and Joe Vince, cigar-maker, are the Aldermanic candidates in the Twelfth District, the former on the Progressive side and the latter on the United Labor party.

If Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, will accept the nomination for State Benator in the Seventh District he will probably receive it from both labor parties.

The Barbers' Unions hold their National Convention at Buffalo Dec. 5. Delegates from this city will be elected on Monday, Oct. 27, and at the same time delegates will be elected to the American Federation of Labor, which holds its Convention at Baltimore on Dec. 13. more on Dec. 13.

Daniel S. Jacobs, delegate of the Shoe Salesmen's Union, and Max Boehm, of the United Clothing Cutters, are candidates for the Assembly in the Tenth District on the the Progressive Labor party ticket. Jacobs is popular and will probably get the nomina-tion if he desires it.

#### The Difference.

[Parts Soir.]
The question, "What is the difference between the first love and the last ?" has elicited the following reply: '' One always believes that the first love is the last, and that the last is the first,"

MARRIED. BARNES-MORRIS.-On Thursday, Oct. 13, at the

West Presbyterian Church, on 42d st., New York, by the Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, assisted by the Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton, of New York, Frances Isabell, daughter of John A. Morris, of Westchester, N. Y., to Thurlow Weed Barnes, of Boston, Mass.

New Orleans and Albany papers pieces copy.

servants' scandal. Au revoir. All in one carriage, I suppose? Where do you get your flowers now?

"Twice she went over this missive as if trying to comprehend the heartlesaness of it. Then she sprang up with a sudden impulse pulled the clothes from my neck and arms, dashed cold water upon me, shook me with desperate force, meaning and gasping and desperate force, meaning and gasping and desperate force, meaning and gasping and in all this heaven only knows. Her faith, her hope and her fidelity are inexplicable to me to this day. While she was thus endeavoring to restore animation my feelings were of that numbed, despairing kind that no one can understand who has not been launched into the mid-ocean of hopeless horror. A sullen, faithless wonder took possession of me. I believe that it is the insatiable condition of men in great calamity whose intellectual is greater than their moral discipline. It all seemed like a reveisation of malign Providence, and I was now to understand that the mystery of life was no other mystery than this—that under the fallacious happiness of existence was the eternal cruelty of a supreme monster who delighted in torturing the beings he had created. Nothing, I now assure you with shame, saved me from cursing God in my impotent, inarticulate soul but the presence and at the touch of the woman who was defying the world and reason itself in my beyonder the fallacious happiness of existence was the one should be an accordance of the fallacious happiness of existence was the eternal cruelty of a supreme monster who delighted in torturing the beings he had created. Nothing, I now assure you with shame, saved me from cursing God in my impotent, inarticulate soul but the presence and at the touch of the woman who was defying the world and reason itself in my beyon and the proposite in every respect."

"But, my dear doctor,' I remonstrated, "is to the sublimity of meanness to fasten myself and my infirmity to a woman?"

"No sentimental monsense. I'll get rid of the infirmity it you will do as

But Dr. Birchell won't say so.'
"Well, at all events if Dr. Birchell comes you'll open the door?'
"Yes. Have you got Miss Featherstonaugh's letter?"
"Yof course I have.'
"Won't you poke it through the door? I want to read it. I'll give it back to you as soon as the doctor comes.'
"There was some further parley of a purely feminine character, which ended in my aunt's poking the letter through.
"When she was gone Ju exclaimed, 'I've got another hour, thank God.' She came and knelt down close beside me and read the letter audibly in her own stumbling way:
"'My Drax Mrs. Blossom: I hasten to tell you how inexpressibly shocked we all are at the news, and to add my sympathies with those of ma for you. You are the real sufferer. It is too dreadful to think about. So awfully sudden. I suppose the funeral will take place on Friday, in the morning, and I haven't a thing to wear. We're such thoughtiess creatures, we never make any provision for misfortune. If this had only happened

A CLEAR COMPLEXION | —SURREY (PORTAGE County Wis.) lady writes: "I have used the box of DR. Waller of the county wise and the box of DR. Waller of the county with the county of the cou AMUSEMENTS. 4TH STREET THEATRE. MINNIE PALMER

BUSINESS NOTICES.

DOCKSTADER'S. Cleveland's Western Trip. Volunteer and Thistle.
"FALL OF NEW BABYLON."
THREE NEW SONGS.
Svenings, 8.30.

"The dear public liked her." Times, Oct. 11.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the charming one act operation of the RING ND TH KEFFER
will begin. And at 8.30 the popular fantasy,

MY WERTHEA. T.

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Hang it! your life's worth something to the community, if it isn't worth anything to yourself.

"So I did as he told me.

"My dear friend," I cried, as soon as Adam Melton reached this point in his story, "you commenced by telling me that you were pursued by an invisible flend; you have ended by convincing me that you were accompanied by a guardian angel."

"You are right," he replied; "I ought to tell you that long after that occurrence Ju told me that this lock of gray hair on my forehead turned its color while Dr. Oruden was examining me on the bed. Now let me present you to my wife."

With that he called Ju, and the buxom creature I had mistaken for the maid came in and spent the rest of the evening with us, while Adam told me about his curious courtainly and marriage and how he fall out this his sunt, and—but, no matter, I did not housekeeper, only why.

[Considered.]

#### Why Adam Melton Married His Housek eeper. [A STORY BY NYM CRINKLE.]

Continued from Thursday's EVENING WORLD. HE moment John was out of the room Ju came and dropped upon her knees at the head of the bed and wound her arms about me, and laying her face upon mine, I could feel the wet lashes and the warm, wholesome breath as she tried to coax me with embraces
back to life. But in
vsin. No fibre of my
body could answer 杨

with an assuring tremor to her fidelity.
"John came up again
in a few moments with an imperative message from his mistress. The girl was to close the room up and come down. Her conduct was disgraceful.

"'Is it?' said Ju. 'Tell her that I'm going to stay ere till Dr. Cruden says he's dead, and en I'll close the room.' "John made some kind of an ejaculation

nd went away.

Dr. Cruden could not be found till after-"Dr. Cruden could not be found till aftercon. He was sent up to look at the body as a
nere formality and to make out a certificate,
te, at least I felt could make no mistake He
ass accompanied to the door by John, who left
im there and went down again.

"When the doctor came in he went over to
se window and down by Ju.

"Ah," said he, to the poor fellow's gone.
Appected this for one time!

"There was a sudden movement of a chair.

"There was a sudden movement of a chair. Ju must have got up quickly, for the bedclothes were moved and I heard her say: 'You expected it, and so did he. I'm not sure that he's dead. Are you?'
"Then he must have placed a chair for her rolled up his sleeves. We'll soon determine that,' he replied.
"I felt his hand upon my heart with the unmistakable and inquisitive pressure of a doctor's fingers, felt the weight of his head as his ear was pressed down hard to catch the faintest murmur. The suspense and agony of that moment were beyond the portrayal of language. I knew that everything depended upon the inflexibility, the courage and the fidelity of the girl, and I knew that the doctor had all those virtues at the mercy of his decision. If intensity of emotion could add but one throb to my heart as his hand rested upon it I was safe. My whole soul was concentrated into that effort as his hand was withdrawn. I thought he detected it, for his fingers went suddenly back as if for reassurance.
His head was down upon my breast. I could

withdrawn. I thought he detected it, for his fingers went suddenly back as if for reasurance.

His head was down upon my breast. I could hear him breathe. His mouth was close to my ear. No, he was whispering. 'It's my turn nove!' He said it twice. The awful import of the four words seemed to add some new paralysis to my system. My nature refused to believe in any revenge like this. There were no faculties in a human being to apprehend such cruelty. He asked her to give him the little mirror from the shaving-case. I felt its cold surface placed on my lips, and I knew this was a horrible, hollow mockery. Then I heard him say:

"He's dead! without any doubt, and been dead for six hours. It was heart disease!"

"In that supreme instant hope died. I had then arrived at the long-dreaded crisis, and there was no longer any human help for me. Not a friend to stand by me.

"Ju got up as the decision was announced. I felt that she and the doctor were silently looking each other in the eyes.

"Suddenly she emitted a little cry, and was lifted."

"Does a man turn gray when he is dead?" she asked with vehemence, and I felt the turning of her body as if she were looking him in the face and pointing to the lock that the lift in her hand."

"I knew now that everything depended upon the bravery with which my stanch friend would hold out against the imperious tour the look that the look of the lock that the lift in her hand."

"'It was, was it?' said the dear girl. She, who knew every lock in my head, was not to be deceived in that direction. She got up and held the door open for him.

"'Go and make out your certificate, Dr. Oruden. You may fool the world. But here I stay. And if you or any of the doctors in New York bury Adam Melton before I pronounce him dead you will have to bury me with him. Do you understand that?"

"And the moment she was alone she had my head in her arms and was sobbing as if her heart would break. 'I don't know if you can hear me,' she cried, with gasps and tears; but I won't desert you. They'll have to tear me in pieces first. Do you hear? It's me—Ju. I want you to live. There's nobody else cares a bit. Perhaps, O God, you are dead! No, no, no, no, I did not mean that. I know better. O heavens, how cold you are. Don't mind me; I wouldn't do this if you weren't in danger. I'll stay here until you open your eyes. I'll bolt the doors. Not a soul shall come in. Not even she. She was to be your wife. Why, she sent word that she preferred not to see you!"

"And so on, in a broken rhapsody of grief and endearment.

"But she was as good as her word. Down stairs the soleway preparations for the funeral

"His answer was hesitating. Could she be detecting his duplicity in his countenance! And, believe me, the man capable of a monstrous crime was not equal to this emergency.

"He stumbled. He betrayed himself. He replied, 'Oh, that was gray before!'

"If he had only carried his authority a little further and told her it was a common occurrence!

"It was, was it?' said the dear girl. She, who knew every lock in my head, was not to be deceived in that direction. She got up and held the door open for him.

"Go and make out your certificate, Dr. Cruden, You was fool the world. But here

arm stretched out by heaven into hell.

"The undertakers got into the room before she could prevent it. She ordered them out.

"Who are you? one of them said gruffly.

"The the nurse," she replied promptly.

We're not ready for sextons yet.

"Well," said the same gruff voice, 'we're ordered to take the body down stairs, and we've got to do it.

"Easy," said somebody in a whisper.

"Tell her we only want to move him from one room to another. Once under screws, it'll be all right. We don't want a row. It won't do."

won't do.'
"With that one of them put his arm under my head. There was a quick rustle of a dress. The arm was pulled suddenly away. I heard the click of my revolver, felt Ju's long hair sweeping my face, and knew she was standing over me like another Judith. was standing over me like another Judith.

"If you touch him again," she said,
'there'll be blood on it. Stand off! My life
for it, he won't go out of this room till he's
dead or I am."

"The woman's stark mad,' said the man's
young "Come away" The Board of Health'll

dead or I am.'
"The woman's stark mad,' said the man's voice. 'Come away. The Board o' Health'll have to lay 'em both out.'
"She sprang after them and bolted the door. Once more I felt her at my bedside.
'Dear, dear, I wonder if he is dead,' I heard her say in her distress. 'O, what can I do, what can I do, her say in her distress. 'O, what can I do, what can I do!'

"Then there was a parley through the keyhole. It was my aunt's voice. 'Ju,' she said, 'listen to me. In the name of decency come down stairs and don't make me send for an officer. You ought to know that you can't bring the dead to life by such conduct, and it's disgraceful. The whole house is in arms about it.'

"'I don't care for the house.' replied Ju.

"'I mean to keep him from being buried alive as long as I can if I die for it.'
"'Didn't you hear what Dr. Cruden said?'
"'Dr. Cruden lied!'
"'Well, open the door. I must come in.
You're delaying all the arrangements.'
"'I know I am. That's what I mean to do.'
"'Won't you open the door?'
"'No.'

"No." " Then I shall have to get an officer and "'Then I shall have to get an officer and break it open. If you are convinced that Adam is alive why don't you convince me?'
"'I don't believe you can be convinced,' said Jn. 'You all of you want to hurry him into his grave. Why don't you send for Doctor—Doc—Doc—tor—Bir— (She was trying to read the name on a card that she had found in my desk; it was printed in German text.)
"'Doctor Birchell?' my aunt suggested. 'If Doctor Birchell pronounces him dead will you promise to give up the room?'

will you promise to give up the room?

"'No,' said Ju; 'I'll never give him up till
I can see that he's dead with my own eyes.
But Dr. Birchell won't say so,'

"'Well, at all events if Dr. Birchell comes

er. You ought to know that you can't get dead to life by such conduct, and lisgraceful. The whole house is in arms it id. The whole house is in arms it id. The whole house is in arms to do?" asked my what do you mean to do?" asked my let eras it a such conducts the day before it did I could have got Martha's crepe bonnet. It's brand new; but she's gone to Islington. John, who brought your note, says your girl (I forget her name) the eras it's such asked my let eras it's suc

faces disease and death itself, and follows its object into the jaws of hell. I only knew that somehow Ju connected me with the world I had quitted, and that my being, my destiny, the whole triune ego of which I hadonee been so vain, rested in the hollow of that poor girl's palm, and she was fighting for it as if God had fashioned her with courage and endurance and affection specially for the one task.

"" Saddenly an arrowy pain shot through

the one task.
... 'Saddenly an arrowy pain shot through

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